

## OWINGSVILLE OUTLOOK

OUTLOOK PUBL. CO., Publishers.  
OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

### THE JESTERS

The jester mounted to the throne. The white old man, the jester, the monarch now and then, "A monarch now and then," he said, "Now I'll sing to you my crown and robe. And bring me my crown to me. And take this cap and take these bells To his great majesty."

The courtiers did as they were bid. And called the jester supreme. They waited round until the king awoke from out of his dream. Soon in a cap arrayed in cap. And shaking his head he said: "And all the courtiers stood near. As this strange dream he tells:

"I dreamed," said he, "that I was king. (The jester's crown was plain) And that I sat upon a throne. And ruled this broad domain. That while I slept the good king came. And bore his crown to me. And said: 'This day I'll invest With all my majesty.'"

"But when I awoke, arrayed was I In my old jester's suit. And these bells and on my tongue The same light bubble trill. Of jest and song. The courtiers laughed. And breaking all the rules. Of procedure, the jester reigned. A very price of fools."

And none can say into this day. Who played the greater joke: The jester with his golden crown. Or the king with his crown of oak. The king laughs now to see before. And seems a simpleton. And all the courtiers, puzzled, ask: "Say, what is majesty?"

—Chicago Daily News.

## KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics  
By FREDERICK W. ADAMS

Copyright, 1901, by Lathrop Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

### CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"They must see the white flag on this cliff," he said to himself. They were not three miles away. Mr. Carmody stood on the highest point and waved his handkerchief. Near and nearer came the ship. He fired the rifle again and again. Could they see him? Would they understand? He plainly saw the lifeboats and the start house of the oncoming vessel. Her masts rocked gracefully in the swell of the ocean. He saw the jibs flutter in the fresh breeze. The bow swung to starboard; the long hull of the ship stood for a moment broadside to the shore. The huge sails flapped in the wind as the "came about," they flattened as the ship obeyed the rudder; the masts careened and steadied; the foam showed white at her bows, and the ship stood away to the northeast on a starboard tack. Mr. Carmody saw the wheelman without the aid of a glass, and could see the faces of the sailors as the ship stood broadside to the shore before she again went out to sea.

"They are scoundrels to pay no heed to a flag of distress!" he said aloud as the ship swiftly receded, and at last became a mere speck in the northeastern horizon. He was a sad awakening from a happy dream. Alas! how often we sail proudly by the fluttering flags of distress! Life's perils are on islands in every metropolis. The battles of life are fought on the sea of adversity. The manly go down in sland and hearing of prosperous voyagers. Storm-tossed sailors, unable to breast life's tempestuous seas, perish on society's coasts, and no lifeboat put out from shore. The wrecker burns his false lights along the rocks.

The indignation of Mr. Carmody was shared by his companions, but they regarded it as a hopeful sign that two ships already had been seen from the rocks. This proved beyond doubt that these waters were frequented by traffic, and there was a chance that a steamer might recognize their flag of distress. Sunday was observed as a day of rest. No work, other than the routine of housekeeping, was performed. In the afternoon Sidney and Mr. Kent visited the park and brought back a fresh stock of bananas. On the preceding day Mr. Kent had shot a fine deer, and the latter brought an excellent Mr. Rockwell read aloud a chapter from the Bible, and made a short address, in which he said they had reason to thank Providence for having protected them in many perils on land and sea. He followed with an earnest prayer, in which he returned thanks to God for His manifold blessings and invoked His assistance in their future undertakings.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE JUMPING

Work on the boat proceeded with great rapidity. Under the supervision of Mr. Carmody the foundation timbers of the vessel were rolled to the flat rock which served as a pier. His theory was to construct a raft with a sustaining power of 5,000 pounds. The buoyancy of the timber was fully tested, and an allowance made for the loss by absorption of water. These experiments showed that the timber did not possess the proper specific gravity to sustain the weight of the cabin, masts and the eight voyagers. This necessitated a change of plan, and the construction of air-tight compartments. They therefore built a framework of logs, five feet in length and 14 feet in width, and so mortised and fitted it together that it could withstand any ordinary strain. Every five feet it was braced with cross timbers. This framework was constructed on logs which served as rollers. They floated it over with the seasoned timber which had been found back of the storehouse. The rollers were caulked with fiber from the cocoa palm and smeared with pitch, which was found in abundance in resinous trees. Upon this foundation they erected the framework for a hull five feet in depth, and then rolled the structure into the lake.

L. Sylvester Vincent solicited the honor of naming the boat. He argued that he was the youngest member of the party and the most innocent. His request was granted, and he took his position at the forward end of the vessel. In one hand he held a quart bottle of mineral water, while with the other he clung to one of the uprights. At a signal from Mr. Carmody the blocks beneath the rollers were knocked out, and the scow started down the incline. There was a four foot drop from the rock to the water. With increasing momentum the structure rolled down the slanting surface.

When the center of the edge of the rock, the forward end lived. At that instant the alert Vincent snatched the bottle against the up-right.

"I name thee—Jumping Jupiter!" The bow went 15 feet under water and L. Sylvester went with it. In the very next wave and foam Mr. Vincent rose to the surface near the center of the raft. He was badly disoriented, and for a moment he lay on his back, gasping for breath. But he was soon on his feet, and was game to the core. The raft was a hundred yards from shore.

"Talk about your toboggan slides!" shouted Vincent, as he raised the broken bottle in the air. "That beats Connelley. I name thee—Helen Carmody!" "Hold on there," yelled Mr. Kent. "You named that boat 'The Jumping Jupiter' before you went below. Stick to your first name, or you will queer the ship. The Jumping Jupiter is a good name."

Mr. Carmody laughed uproariously. "You gentlemen planned to pay my daughter a compliment, and I thank you for it," he said. "It is a good name. There is a yacht named Helen. So we will stick to the name which Mr. Vincent first selected. It is an euphonious title, and I hope it will bring us good luck. Let's go out and help Vincent tow 'The Jumping Jupiter' back to the dock."

By day "The Jumping Jupiter" grew in size, if not in beauty. Her hull was divided into eight compartments, and these were sheathed in made as air-tight as possible. On top of them they built a 24-foot cabin with a storeroom and some rude bunks. From opposite ends of the cabin crossed two narrow masts. At night they worked on the sails, and finally produced two triangular ones, sewed together from the window awnings which had been found in the bungalow. These were rigged lateen and with long yards. They were made from a bamboo pole. It was decided to abandon the lookout on the rock, and to concentrate the entire working force on the boat. A long anchor was pivoted at the rear to serve as a rudder, and an extra one was made for use in case of accident. On the bow they constructed a clumsy but



MR. VINCENT AROSE TO THE SURFACE.

strong windlass, as a capstan to lift the anchor. A 500-pound rock of irregular jagged formation, was provided as an anchor. Mr. Kent suggested the use of the gold ingots for this purpose, but was greeted with so firm a refusal from Simon Jett that he was overruled. On Tuesday General Superintendent Vincent announced that he had overlooked the fact that Monday was recognized in all civilized countries as "wash day." He found upon investigation that the table and chamber linen needed cleaning. He was reluctant to assign anyone to this duty, but offered his services, if he could have an assistant. Mr. Rockwell promptly volunteered. They found a "big wash" ahead of them, but tackled it with cheer and energy. There were no tubs in the bungalow, but there were plenty of large casks, which when cleaned served as well. Sidney Hammond succeeded in making two fairly effective washbasins with a rubber sheet and a piece of cardboard plank. With these, and the use of the multi-millionaire and the Chicago promoter were soon hard at work.

There was an abundance of rope, and they strung their clothes in lines back of the bungalow. When ready with the first basket of washed linen, they found the lines occupied by parrots and other gaudily plumed birds, which were disputing possession with a troop of howling monkeys. These were driven away, but they returned as soon as the laundrymen were out of sight. The clothes which were washed in a napkin and made for the table to a tree. Vincent arrived just in time to save a tablecloth from being torn to pieces by these banding-logs. It was bottomed down to hang out in the clothes until all of the washing was done, and then to stand guard until it was dried. They accomplished their task before eight o'clock in the morning, and perhaps a scrupulous housewife might have found fault in their work, but it was "good enough for a man," as Vincent expressed it.

Those who have followed these chronicles of the abducted millionaires, may have noted an absence of complaint or remonstrance at their fate. It is a matter of record that Vincent, who had been obliged to swim, Walter B. Hester and Capt. Waters for their purpose, the subject of the kidnapping or the incidents connected with it, never were made the subject of discussion. To a man, they accepted the situation which had been thrust upon them, with that imperturbable composure which defines the cupbearers of fate or the realists of fortune with an even stake hardly to be measured in money, but they preserved an unruffled men, and depicted themselves as if abduction were a common feature of life, provided for the events of chance and averages. They talked about New York as if it were a city within easy reach of "Moreton Bay" and the Heister Bungalow, and acted as if on a pleasure trip rather than the marooned victims of a plot.

This air of indifference was not assumed. It was a genuine attitude of these men. For more than a generation they had been on the firing line of humanity's most merciless battle-field of tumult. They had waged warfare on the edge of a volcano ever threatening an eruption. They had trained themselves to meet crises with placidity, and to float on the restless tide of fortune with an even keel; ever alert to take advantage of the first change of wind or weather. Adversity was but an incident to be calmly studied and solved. Of

such are the post-graduates of Wall Street.

An incident occurred on Thursday, the 19th of May, which disturbed the even course of events on Social Island.

In the bluish-gray of dawn, six of the colony renewed work on "The Jumping Jupiter." Light, misty clouds obscured the eastern sky, and a vapor hung over the lake. As the sun mounted the heavens this fog slowly lifted.

Mr. Rockwell was working on the bow of the boat, laying the flooring which served as a deck. He paused a moment to rest, and looked out toward the black gateway to the bay. Something invited his gaze. He glanced his eyes with his hand. "What is that?" he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the rock where Mr. Pence had no narrow an escape. All eyes were turned to the point indicated by Mr. Rockwell. It was a freshening morning breeze, a triangular white flag fluttered from the ledge of rocks.

"That does that mean?" said Sidney. "No one here has placed a flag on that rock."

Mr. Pence and Mr. Haven were at work in the bungalow. They were not far, but had no knowledge of the flag, or of the nature of the party. He had been across the bay since Monday. Certain it was that the flag had not been there the preceding day. It was a large white flag and could not have escaped notice.

"Let's investigate this," said Sidney. "It is well to be cautious." He went to the bungalow and brought back four rifles. Mr. Kent, Mr. Morton and Mr. Vincent were selected to accompany him and they were soon on the raft and down the bay. They circled around the rock from a distance, but saw no sign of human beings. There was a pile of boxes and packages on the apex of the rocks.

"We will go in," said Sidney. "Mr. Kent and I will keep a lookout. Mr. Morton and Vincent will follow the raft forward and they swing in back of the rock. It was low tide. The first thing that attracted their attention was a 15-foot yawl or dingy, well up on the shore, with its painter wrapped around a tree. This boat was brand new; not a scratch showing on its varnished sides. The handles of its four oars showed no traces of having been used. It was such a boat as four men could safely use in ordinary weather, and specially fitted for service on such a reach of water as 'Moreton Bay.' A hurried examination revealed an name and gave no clue to the manufacturer. It was a model from which thousands have been made.

On the brow of a rock was a pile of boxes and cases. The top of one, from a staff, which was propped up by a large stone. Just below the flag was a tab or card such as express companies use, tied firmly to the flagstaff. Mr. Morton read the inscription. It was as follows:

On board the Shark, May 18th.

To Messrs. Palmer J. Morton, Andrew Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence, B. J. Kent, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent, guests of Hester Bungalow and Bungalow, with the compliments of

WALTER B. HESTER.

Two of the boxes were heavy, and water was dripping from them. An examination showed that they were packed with ice. There were 15 boxes. The yawl was pushed into the water and loaded with as much of the freight as could safely be carried. The beach being clear, the tide was at its ebb—Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton walked along the cliffs and back to camp. Sidney rowed the yawl and Vincent took charge of the raft. Aided by a favoring breeze, he made good time. The boxes were deposited on the "The Jumping Jupiter."

"A sirloin steak will taste good again," said Mr. Kent as he lunched on a top from the last box. He displayed to view a top layer of the latest magazines. Then he found a number of new books and a vaied assortment of May publications. In the bottom of the box were copies of newspapers. There was a rush for these papers.

There were copies of the New York papers dated from May 2d to May 12th, and copies of the London papers as late as May 14th. In addition to these were copies of Chicago and Philadelphia papers from the time of their departure from New York up to dates comparatively recent.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, after ten minutes had elapsed, "we have read enough to indicate that none of our families has suffered from death or serious illness up to the time these papers were printed. We can postpone a study of less important matters until our morning's work is done. Let us return to our task and do our reading later."

This suggestion was agreed to, and Vincent carried the precious box to the bungalow. The news from the great outside world from which they were separated acted as a stimulus to their energies. It was nearly 11 o'clock before Mr. Carmody gave the signal to cease, and they returned to the big dining room, where a tempting dinner awaited them.

[To Be Continued.]

### Both Mad Dilettantes.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is in constant receipt of letters begging for financial assistance, literary advice and gratis poems.

"Our people," read one of the letters, "want to carpet their new church. They are going to give an entertainment next month. Will you please send a poem suitable for the occasion? We cannot pay you, but we will remember you. Our people are poor, and it is hard for them to make both ends meet."

The answer from the poetess contained the following:

"In poetry as in other walks of life, it is difficult to make ends meet. I cannot assist you, but in my mutual difficulties I hope for our mutual success."

## CURTIS JETT CAUGHT.

Is Charged With the Assassination of Attorney Marcum.

He Was Found at His Mother's Home, and Made No Show of Resistance.—Landed in Jail at Winchester.

Lexington, Ky., May 11.—The capture of Curtis Jett, charged with the assassination of J. B. Marcum in Jackson Monday, was accomplished with bloodshed at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. He is now in the Clark county jail at Winchester. Bearing a warrant which had been sworn out by Sam Jett, uncle of the accused, Sheriff McChord and a posse of seven shot hands with midnight Saturday, reaching Jackson's Ferry, 10 miles distant, at 2:40 a. m., they put away their bugles and crossed the Kentucky river to Madison county about in canoes.

They proceeded on foot to the home of Mrs. A. Haggin. Jett's mother, two miles from the ferry. Six of the posse were stationed about the dwelling, and Sheriff McChord and Deputy Stokely approached the front door and rapped. Jett's mother answered, and after some parley admitted that Curtis was within. At length they were admitted and found Jett awake but still in bed. He was combing his hair and said that he would give no trouble. Reaching under his pillow, he drew out his pistol, which was nothing less than a baby rifle, and turned it over to his mother to keep. He made no show of resistance, and was landed in jail at Winchester at 6 a. m. Jett's stepfather charges that when Jett arrived at his house Saturday evening from Jackson he proceeded to draw a pistol and threaten to shoot him, which to get out of the neighborhood. Haggin went to Richmond and swore out a warrant charging Jett with breach of the peace by assault with a pistol.

Seen in the jail Sunday, Jett was communicative on all matters save the killing of Marcum. "I'll get out of this all right," was the only statement he would make, and could be construed as a reference to the charge against him. He wanted to be tried in Breathitt. He was bitter in denouncing his uncle who had him arrested, and said that the score would be evened up when he was at liberty. He referred in reference to the statement that five men would testify that he killed Marcum he simply sneered and replied: "That's that to you?" To Sheriff McChord he was equally non-communicative as to the Marcum tragedy.

Jett is 28 years of age, athletic in build, with deep-set eyes, and has bushy red hair. That he submitted to a medical examination and turned over to the officers, who feared an encounter, Jett denied that he drove his stepfather from home. He will be arraigned Tuesday, and it is supposed will be transferred to the Jackson district for trial.

### NINE CONVICTS ESCAPED.

Portion of State Prison Kitchen at Flat Top Mines Burned.

Birmingham, Ala., May 11.—A portion of the kitchen of the state prison at Flat Top mines, 25 miles from this city, was burned Saturday night and nine convicts escaped. Going to the railroad station nearby, the convicts robbed the telegraph operator and left him tightly bound. The signal light was turned, causing the next train south on the Southern to stop. The operator was found and released. One of the convicts has been captured and the superintendent of the mines says the others are located and he expects to capture them in the next twenty-four hours.

### EXPLOSION OF GAS.

Man and Wife So Badly Burned They Died a Few Hours Later.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 11.—Herman M. Blasdel, of North Collins, a former European traveler, who was in the city, was killed Saturday night by an explosion of gas in his home. His wife, who was with him, was also badly burned. The cause of the explosion was an explosion of gas and which destroyed their home Sunday. The cause of the explosion was an explosion of gas and which destroyed their home Sunday.

Famine in China. Hong-Kong, May 11.—Famine is widespread in the province of Kwang Si, and husbands are selling their wives and children to obtain food. The governor of Hong-Kong is organizing relief measures.

### Murdering Christians.

Constantinople, May 11.—Consular dispatches received here from Monastir, European Turkey, say the Muslim and Turkish troops are murdering Christians in the suburbs of the city. He was driven over the reservation by the citizens. Later an informal reception was held.

### Dredging Companies Combine.

Chicago, May 11.—Twenty dredging companies of the great lakes have combined in an association, and Monday will open offices in Chicago with F. B. Daugherty, of Duluth, formerly a member of the Minnesota senate as manager.

### Death of Banker Fahnstock.

Baltimore, May 11.—Derrick Fabus stock, head of the banking firm of D. Fahnstock & Co., and for a number of years president of the Baltimore stock exchange, died Sunday. Mr. Fahnstock was 82 years old.

### Effort to Settle the Strike Failed.

Chicago, May 11.—All efforts to reach a settlement of the laundry strike at a meeting Sunday between the union committee, the employers and the employers failed of results and a disruption of the ranks of the employees' association is expected.

### Rain Fell in Torrents.

Downs, Kan., May 11.—Rain has been falling in torrents for more than 12 hours since the storm broke over the city. Business houses are under water and boatsmen are rowing through the streets.

### Became a Bridegroom.

Anderson, Ind., May 11.—With a bullet in his best arm Joshua Sanford, shot by a policeman Sunday, was married early in the week. Sunday became a bridegroom for the second time. His bride was Miss Rose Shaw, a farmer's daughter.

### A Student Drowned.

Troy, N. Y., May 11.—Charles W. Sherrard, of Canton, Pa., a student in the senior class of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, was drowned here Sunday in the Hudson while canoeing. The craft upset in a squall.

## THE JAIL SURROUNDED.

Mob Violence For a Time Was Threatened at Fremont, O.

Otto Mischke Shot and Killed By One of Three Negroes in His Doorway.—They Became Angered Over a Woman's Question.

Fremont, O., May 11.—Mob violence was threatened in this city Saturday night as the result of the alleged killing of Otto Mischke by one of three Negroes, subsided at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. The three Negroes are charged with the crime are securely locked in the city jail at Xenia, and the excitement that was rampant for several hours Saturday night has about subsided.

From 1 o'clock until 4 o'clock Sunday morning the jail building was surrounded by the angry crowd calling upon Sheriff Mason to deliver the prisoners. For an hour or more the sheriff stood on the front steps of his residence and admonished the threatening crowd to be careful and quiet and not commit an act that would forever shame Fremont in the eyes of the world. Sheriff Mason said he had taken an oath to do his official duty and do it he would, and he said he would shoot the first man who made an attempt to break down the jail door and enter the building.

For fear of further trouble during the day and Sunday night Mayor Bagler ordered every saloon in the city closed. The Negroes gave their names as Wheeler Kimbro, Walter Stratton and Joseph Martin. Martin and Stratton had made revolvers in their possession.

Sunday's story of the tragedy is to the effect that the Negroes who were combined against the jail, were a request for an investigation of the alleged murder of four Italian laborers at Regina, Pike county, this state. The crowd writes that affidavits have been filed with him that the laborers were under contract with C. D. Langhorn and that the contractor had caused station to prevent their escape from the camp. County Judge Ruffell of Pike county, has been directed by the governor to look into the matter. The judge says the Italians camp in a thickly settled section of the county and he doubts the truth of the murder charge.

### TRAIN DERAILED.

The Engineer Killed and Seven Persons Injured.

Knoxville, Tenn., May 11.—Southern passenger train No. 12, which leaves Knoxville at 9:35 a. m. for Asheville, N. C., jumped the track about noon Sunday one mile west of White Pine, Tenn. The train consisted of engine, baggage car, express and mail car, baggage car, ten dry coaches and two sleepers. All were derailed except the sleepers. Robert B. Holloman, of Knoxville, was caught beneath the engine and crushed to death. Of the injured, all of whom were painfully hurt, Sylvia Smith is the worst injured; she may die. The train was running 20 miles an hour when the accident occurred. No cause can be assigned for the wreck. The engine was up for 200 feet, and a delay of over six hours occurred to travel.

### THE REICHLIN MURDER.

Unknown Man Offers \$4,000 Reward For Detection of the Murderer.

Lorain, O., May 11.—A man whose name is withheld Sunday sent \$4,000 to J. J. Mahoney, of the Knights of Columbus of this city, to be offered as a reward for the detection of the murderer of Agatha Reichlin, which occurred a week ago Thursday night. The man offered to add to the \$1,000 already offered by the county. More money will be asked of the friends of the Reichlin family, but the man offered to add to the \$1,000 already offered by the county. More money will be asked of the friends of the Reichlin family, but the man offered to add to the \$1,000 already offered by the county.

### FLUTTERED OUT OF A WINDOW.

A Check For \$21,000 Picked Up By a Railway Flagman.

Railway, N. J., May 11.—It became known Sunday that Patrick Moore, a flagman at the New Brunswick avenue crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad, found on Wednesday a check for \$21,000 which fluttered out of a window of the Long Branch express as it passed through here. The check was drawn on the Merchants' national bank of Chicago in favor of Mrs. Isabella Stewart, but the name of the maker was undecipherable. The check was turned over to the property department of the railroad.

### At Versailles Next Year.

Georgetown, Ky., May 8.—The joint district convention of Sunday-schools and C. W. B. auxiliary of the Christian churches of the Ninth district, met here Sunday. Mrs. J. C. S. Brown, of Nicholasville, was elected district manager for the ensuing year.

### Shot By the Postmaster.

Old Hill, Ky., May 8.—Thomas Jordan, it is charged, was shot, and it is thought fatally wounded, at Denton, this county, by postman James Hughes at that place. The trouble was brought about by remarks that passed between the wives of the two men.

### Died in Missouri.

Lexington, Ky., May 8.—A telegram to Dr. N. R. Simmons from his son, G. B. Simmons, of Raymore, Mo., announced the death there of the latter's wife, who was Miss Marie Hamilton of Bath county.

### Successful Carnival Closed.

Harrodsburg, Ky., May 8.—The Odd Fellows' street fair and carnival, which has closed here, was decidedly a success financially for the Montgomery lodge of Odd Fellows of this place. A day made about \$100 per day net as their share of the profits.

### Merchant Is Bankrupt.

Owensboro, Ky., May 8.—Howard Flannigan, representing a syndicate of eastern capitalists, has acquired the property of the Stinking Creek Oil Co. in the Richmond field, consisting of the appurtenant wells, together with four producing wells.

### Beckham's Uncle Ill.

Bardonia, Ky., May 8.—John Cripps Wickline, an uncle of Gov. Beckham, and one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Nelson county, is very ill at his home here as the result of paralysis.

## STATE NEWS HAPPENINGS.

WILL SEND TROOPS. Kentuckians to Guard the Witnesses Before the Grand Jury at Jackson.

Jackson, Ky., May 9.—Circuit Judge Redwine left Friday for Salyersville, Washington county, where he is to open the May term of the circuit court Monday. He will continue all cases possible and hurry through the week, so as to return here the last week in May, when a special term of the circuit court will be called to take up the "dead cases. The regular term of the Breathitt circuit court begins June 1. This will give him a full week for the end cases.

Gov. Beckham has assured Judge Redwine that he will send him all the militia necessary, and it is probable that a battalion of the Second infantry will be sent. With ample military protection witnesses can be brought before the grand jury, and as the assassins of Marcum, Dr. Cox and Jas. Cockrell are all known to many, intimations are certain that the interests of all companies and cause dissatisfaction among the policy holders, some of whom, at the same age and same plan of insurance, pay twice as much as others for the first year's protection.

### ITALIANS MURDERED.

A Request For An Investigation of the Matter Will Be Complied With.

Frankfort, Ky., May 9.—The state executive department has received from the Italian consul at Chicago a request for an investigation of the alleged murder of four Italian laborers at Regina, Pike county, this state. The consul writes that affidavits have been filed with him that the laborers were under contract with C. D. Langhorn and that the contractor had caused station to prevent their escape from the camp. County Judge Ruffell of Pike county, has been directed by the governor to look into the matter. The judge says the Italians camp in a thickly settled section of the county and he doubts the truth of the murder charge.

### THREE LIVES WERE LOST.

A Mule Caused a Fatal Wreck on the Illinois Central.

Henderson, Ky., May 8.—A mule caused a disastrous wreck on the Illinois Central early Thursday morning. Three lives were also lost owing to the mule's persistency in remaining on the track devoted to the Illinois Central traffic. The train was a freight and struck the mule while running at a high rate of speed. The train was derailed, tumbling into a ditch. All the victims were horribly crushed beneath the wreckage. Engineer Sheegee was missing for several hours, but his mangled corpse was taken from beneath the debris.

### HE READS THE BIBLE.

Wife-Murderer Wm. McCarty Will Be Hanged Next Friday.

Lexington, Ky., May 9.—One week from yesterday William McCarty, the wife murderer, will be hanged in the jailyard here. McCarty, who has been reported as dying from consumption for several months, is in good health apparently as the day he was arrested. He spends most of his time in reading the Bible and says he is prepared to die, but fully expects to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. The death watch will be over him the first of the coming week.

### Family Down With Measles.

Greenup, Ky., May 9.—The entire family of Robert Haywood, the Tygart's valley mail carrier, composed of his wife and seven children, are down with the measles. Several other families in the same neighborhood are down with the same disease, but at yet there have been no fatalities.

### Buying Kentucky Coal Lands.

Sergeant, Ky., May 7.—Messrs. J. H. and J. C. Dickerson, of the American capital here, are buying the coal lands of the Kentucky Coal Lands.

### Two Contractors Stabbed.

Henderson, Ky., May 7.—John and James Manion, the contractors, were both seriously injured Wednesday by Charles Parker, a Negro, who had been discharged. He stabbed them several times, then escaped.

### Wants to Be Separated.

Middlesboro, Ky., May 7.—Bingham town, a suburb of Middlesboro, with 50 inhabitants, desires to sever its connections with this city and become a magisterial district, and has petitioned the city council to that effect.

### Charged With Killing His Cousin.

Bourbonville, Ky., May 7.—James Hughes has been arrested charged with the murder of his cousin, James Hughes, and brought here and placed in prison. The killing occurred in the Richmond section of Knox county.

### W. J. Slater's Appointment.

Louisville, Ky., May 7.—W. J. Slater,